

# POET'S CORNER.

FOR THE MARYLAND GAZETTE.

## AN EPISTLE

From Ormyn, the Minstrel, on board the U S Brig Argus, at Annapolis, to Agnes, his friend, in New-York.

SWEET friend of my soul, ever present & near  
To warm & illumine my heart's little sphere,  
To govern my steps while I wearily roam,  
The world that is odious—far, far from my home;  
The star that benignly diffuses its ray,  
O'er the path of a pilgrim who's sad on his way;  
Enlivening with smiles ever cheerfully kind,  
The devious course he is destin'd to wind—  
The magical magnet that mildly will guide,  
Tho' oceans should sever and regions divide,  
His dreary sojournings, and keep him secure  
In honour's bright circle, whence vice shall not lure—  
I hail you, dear nymph, in this hallowed hour,  
When reflection is ripen'd by calm into flower;  
And I trace back the time to those tranquil-  
liz'd days,  
That witness'd me blest where the North River  
flows;  
And that harvesting season of happiness view,  
When I light'd for no pleasure I found not in you;  
When in rambles delightfully dear to the heart,  
Whose only regret was, that soon we must part,  
The cares of a mind never known to rejoice  
But when touch'd with the tones of a tender  
maid's voice,  
As the waves that are lull'd on the disfluent  
deep,  
Were hush'd, by the sweetest of soundings, to  
sleep;  
By the breathings of friendship, impassion'd  
and true;  
By the dearest of converse my ear ever knew;  
By a look that rewarded my effort to please;  
By something more kind and endearing than  
these—  
A something which language can never express,  
By a manner and smile that supremely could  
bless—  
Good Heaven! how meltingly blissful the tone  
Of each pulse, when I've thought it was  
wholly my own;  
That this exquisite smile of the heart I receiv'd,  
This effusion of soul, for 'twas such I believ'd,  
Had on none but the sad weary wanderer thence,  
On the Minstrel of sorrow was lavish'd alone;  
That altho' in the season when jocund & gay,  
And the frolicsome feelings of mirth were in  
play;  
When the poisonous praise of the artful was  
dear,  
'Ere the truth of pure friendship had chasten'd  
your ear,  
The tongue of the tattler, which pleases awhile,  
May have dazzled your fancy, have purchas'd  
your smile  
Which, perhaps, had oft flatter'd the suppliant  
and free,  
Whose praises were hollow as falsehood  
could be—  
Yet it was not the smile which affection be-  
stows  
On the bosom where tenderness timidly glows;  
Which fondness, which feeling and fervency  
fills,  
Which your beauty inspires and your image  
intrills,  
Oh, I would not, sweet innocent Agnes, forego  
The thrillings of transport, the ravishing flow  
Of raptures that rise from reflection so sweet,  
For all in the world I hereafter may meet—  
All, all I resign for a hope such as this,  
Which, if false, if fallacious, is fertile in bliss.  
Then never, O innocent Agnes, destroy  
The magical charm of such mentaliz'd joy—  
Ah, if 'tis delusion, still let it beguile,  
Still let me believe mine alone is that smile,  
Mine alone is the look & the manner you wear,  
When we meet at the door, and you welcome  
me there.  
In those roving at noon, and those rambles  
at night,  
How pure were my wishes, how dear my de-  
light!  
It was joy too overwhelming, too wild to con-  
ceal,  
Yet 'twas bliss too extatic for words to reveal.  
Oh! ne'er could the cold & uneloquent tongue,  
Describe the sensations that round me then  
clung,  
In those moments devoted to friendship's dear  
rite,  
When your eye was the planet that blest me  
with light,  
And guided my fancy where beauty did win,  
And told me the dear little secrets within—  
No, the language of look was scarce equal to  
tell,  
All then that enraptur'd my heart's little cell;  
In that time so delicious to mind and to soul,  
When alone on the banks of the river we stole,  
Indulging in converse, which while it refin'd,  
Ennobled the thought, & enlighten'd the mind.  
Oh! I would not, by Heaven, a moment ex-  
change,  
Those mingled emotions, so sweet & strange,  
For all which the ignoble wordling enjoys,  
Engag'd in the riotous revel that clogs;  
The indolent pleasure, the mutable mirth,  
Which ne'er to a thrill of refinement gave birth.

'Tis communion of mind that alone can impart  
The rational rapture that ranges a heart,  
Where sentiment glows, and where purity's beam  
Enriches felicity's crystalline stream,  
Which steals with a witchery, thrilling along,  
Like the silvery flow of some soul-breathing song;  
Or the soft sighing murmur that melts on the ear,  
In the slumber of night, from some resonant sphere.  
'In boyhood's young morning, when thoughtless  
and gay,  
And fancy look'd forward to manhood's ripe day,  
Creating for pastimes a thousand wild schemes,  
Which rose like the sweet visitations of dreams!  
When the world's wily maze was attractively fair,  
And I had not a wish that was not centr'd there;  
When I rove'd thro' each path way presented to view,  
Charm'd alone with the scene that was shifting &  
new;  
In love with the floweret most dazzlingly bright,  
Not thinking the fairest was soonest to blight;  
A blossom that blush'd in a rural retreat,  
In a shade unapproach'd by the flatterer's feet,  
A nursing of nature, in beauty's array,  
As spotless and pure as the moon's silver ray,  
Enchanting my heart and enamour'd my eye—  
Oh, 'twas the first rose that e'er waken'd my sigh!  
It fix'd all my wishes, so wayward and wild,  
It won me from errors that fondly begu'd;  
From follies that often entic'd me to tread,  
Alone, where the lustres of pleasure new shed,  
Forgetful that virtue must ever illumine  
The heaven where hope, & where happiness bloom;  
Bewitchingly such, as my song shall disclose,  
Embellish'd with nothing but truth as it flows,  
Was the floweret, enrich'd with the loveliest dye  
That ever delighted a fond poet's eye;  
'Twas a precious exotic, too matchless for earth,  
And I often thought Heaven the place of its birth,  
That perhaps it had been some angel or saint,  
Whose devotions and prayers were feeble & faint,  
And had, for probation, been sent from above,  
Transform'd to the eloquent emblem of love;  
I would it, and won it, and nurs'd it with care,  
And fancied from fondness it flourish'd more fair;  
The magic I lavish'd, but render'd it dear,  
Like a mirror it show'd me its sweetness more near,  
Added chains of new strength to the fetters of love,  
And to ties ready woven fresh ligaments wove.  
But fate that is hidden from every dearer eye,  
That can twine with our natures and closely ally;  
Who witness'd, with envy, how fondly entwined  
Were the links of affection with heart, & with mind,  
From the wantonest whim that ever could be,  
Rent the rivets that welded the blossom and me,  
And gave the sweet rose to the cold icy breast  
Of stoical age, amid snows to be prest.  
Oh! think what a loss to one doatingly fond,  
Who priz'd the fair flower, and esteem'd it beyond  
The world's worshipp'd wealth, its splendour, and  
power!  
But words cannot tell how I lov'd the sweet flower,  
Nor express what I felt when 'twas torn by a foe  
From the bosom that valued & cherish'd it so,  
To wither, to fade, and untimely decay,  
And waste all its luminous lustres away;  
When I saw it with inward repinings consume,  
Divested of beauty, bereav'd of its bloom,  
I sicken'd at heart, and I with'd myself dead,  
And I fled from the world, as my happiness fled;  
To smart with its wrongs when its joys were forgot,  
To pass all my days in lamenting my lot—  
But like spring, that recovers its freshness & bloom,  
The soul which in sorrow repines will relume;  
And content will return to its home in the breast,  
And the heart with a second affection be blest,  
And man again be what he sweetly has been,  
All fondness, all peace, and all rapture within:  
Yes, such is our nature, so ductile and mild,  
That our griefs may be chas'd, & our troubles be-  
guil'd;  
And the liftings of friendship, when tender & true,  
May the heart that is flagging enliven anew;  
May the spirit weigh'd down, & the bosom depress'd,  
Release from the cares and the woes that molest.  
All this I've experienced, have blissfully known,  
When we wander'd those moonshiny evenings  
alone,  
Undisturb'd by the eye of the petulant prude,  
By the folly of foppings, disgusting and rude;  
By the whim, & the caprice of fashion & form,  
Which fetter the tongue when the feelings are  
warm;  
Which chill the warm glowings of passion & soul,  
When virtue's monitors alone should control.  
Oh blest be those evenings by innocence crown'd!  
As dear was the converse that brighten'd their  
round!  
May they often return with their luminous ray,  
To guide my fond feet in their favourite way,  
To the mansion of beauty, where friendship shall  
stand  
At the door's blessed threshold, & give me her hand,  
And welcome my presence with greetings as sweet,  
As those a fond sister a brother would greet;  
And tell me in sighs, that in tenderness steal,  
All in absence her heart has been destin'd to feel,  
And ask me with look I shall never forget,  
If in absence I'm fated to feel such regret.  
'Tho' far, far away, from the land that I prize,  
That was hallow'd, dear girl, by your infantine  
sighs,  
When the babe's artless prattle, beguilingly dear,  
First warbled its spell on a fond father's ear,  
And thrill'd with a transport till then never known,  
When you hung on his neck and he call'd you his  
own;  
'Tho' ranging thro' climes that are cheerless & drear,  
(For Eden would be so if you were not near.)  
Yet hope, the sweet nymph, in these regions doth  
dwell—  
Here too, her kind voice, hath its magical spell,  
When in whispers she's heard my repinings to chide,  
And to tell me, tho' mountains & valleys divide,  
That long 'ere the summer's enchantment shall fade  
From the banks of the streamlet, in happiness  
stay'd,  
Or the beauty of spring shall have fled, I will rove  
With the friend of my heart, in the clime that I  
love.  
Yes, yes, altho' far, very far from the shore,  
Where the tremulous waves of the North River  
pour,  
Like its current that journeys awhile to the main,  
Then impatiently flows to its margin again.  
So the languishing bard, like the murmuring tide,  
Will hasten to wander its marginal side.  
With the maid whose endearments will more than  
repay  
The cares he's compell'd to contend with away;  
The troubles and toils 'tis brin'd him to brave,  
While his bark beats the billow, and buffets the  
wave.  
'Ere again it shall rest in the harbour of calm,  
Unshak'd by the blast—undisturb'd by the storm—

Where sleep the smooth waters, with aspect  
as fair  
As though the rude tempest was never known  
there;  
Where nature's first blooms by the poet are  
seen  
To blush more bewitching, & look more serene;  
And the herbage imbued with the crystalline  
tears  
Of mellowing morning, far fairer appears,  
Its fragrance much richer, much sweeter its  
dews,  
And its sigh more ambrosial the air-spirit wags;  
Where the magic most dear is the charm  
which a friend,  
Who is faithful and fond, to a desert might  
lend;  
Where, unclouded, the sun of contentment  
shall shine,  
And the heart of the Minstrel no longer re-  
pine,  
But blossom with joys of as brilliant a hue,  
As any he ever in extacy knew,  
In the radiant round of those heavenly hush'd  
hours,  
When his pathway was strew'd with the love-  
liest flow'rs,  
And gaiety, pleasure, and happiness shed  
Their blended enchantments o'er time as they  
led,  
And gild'd its lapse as it glided away,  
Like the halcyon dove we would have with  
us stay,  
Which hastily journeys the circle of spring,  
Breathing love as its song—shedding peace  
from its wing.  
Then engag'd in some ramble, romantic at  
night,  
While the brow of creation is tranquil and  
bright,  
Blest again with the tones of her voice, he  
will deem  
Indulging the exquisite pleasure of dream,  
And be made by her smile of affection, as  
then,  
By far the most holy and happy of men.

## In Council,

April 7, 1810.

ORDERED, That the bill, entitled, An act  
respecting the equity jurisdiction of the  
county courts, be published once in each  
week, for the space of six weeks, in the  
Maryland Gazette and Maryland Republi-  
can at Annapolis, and the Star at Easton.  
By order,  
NINIAN PINKNEY, clk.

An additional Supplement to the act, entitled,  
An act respecting the equity jurisdiction of  
the county courts.

BE it enacted, by the General Assembly of  
Maryland, That the several county courts  
of this state may exercise concurrent juris-  
diction in all cases in the same manner that they  
now exercise jurisdiction by virtue of the act  
to which this is a supplement.

And be it enacted, That each of the judges  
of the several districts of this state, during  
vacation, shall have full power and authority  
to exercise, in their judicial districts, all the  
powers which the Chancellor of this state can  
or may exercise.

And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty  
of one of the associate judges of the several  
judicial districts of this state to attend at the  
court-house of the several counties in their  
judicial district, at some day between the se-  
veral sessions of their court, who shall have  
power to make all necessary orders touching  
any subject matter in the said respective courts,  
upon the equity side, brought or depending  
therein, and it shall be the duty of the seve-  
ral clerks of the several counties in this state  
to attend the said judge on the said days, who  
shall make due entry of all such matters and  
things as shall or may be ordered as aforesaid  
by the said judge; and the several county  
courts in this state are hereby instructed, at  
their first court next after the passage of this  
act, to appoint the several days on which the  
said judge shall attend as aforesaid.

And be it enacted, That the county courts  
shall have full power and authority to appoint  
an auditor to the said court.

And be it enacted, That all and every per-  
son or persons who shall or may think them-  
selves to be aggrieved by the decree of any  
county court, in any case of which such county  
court may have an equity jurisdiction by  
virtue of this act, shall be at liberty, in all  
cases to appeal to the court of appeals of the  
respective shire, and in the same manner, and  
under the same circumstances, and such ap-  
peals shall have the same legal effect and  
consequences as appeals prosecuted from the  
court of chancery to the court of appeals.

And be it enacted, That the clerks of the  
several county courts in this state shall act as  
registrars for their said counties, in the same  
manner as the registrar in chancery now does.

## To Seine-haulers and others.

THIS is to give notice to all persons,  
either Seine-hauling or otherwise tref-  
passing upon my plantations, (Horn Point  
and Talley's,) that they will certainly be pro-  
secuted.

H. M. OGLE.

Annapolis, Feb. 27, 1810.

The STATE of MARYLAND.

## In Council.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.  
MR. C. S. CONIG having produced to the  
Board an Exequator, signed by the Pre-  
sident of the United States, and sealed with  
the seal of the said States, recognizing him  
as Vice-Consul from his Majesty the King of  
Sweden for the state of Maryland, to reside  
in or near the city of Baltimore—ORDERED,  
That the said recognition be published for the  
information and government of the people of  
this state.

GIVEN in Council, at the city of Annapolis,  
under the seal of the state of Mary-  
land, this seventh day of April, in the  
year of our Lord one thousand eight  
hundred and ten, and of the Independ-  
ence of the United States of America,  
the thirty-fourth.

EDWD: LLOYD.

By the Governor,  
NINIAN PINKNEY,  
Clerk of the Council.

## JAMES MADISON,

President of the United States of America  
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

C. S. CONIG, Esquire, having produced  
to me his commission as Vice-Consul of the  
Swedish Majesty for the state of Mary-  
land, to reside in or near the city of Baltimore,  
I do hereby recognize him as such, and declar-  
him free to exercise such functions, powers  
and privileges, as are allowed within the U-  
nited States, to the Vice-Consuls of friendly  
powers, between whom and the United States  
there is no agreement for the regulation of  
the Consular functions.

In testimony whereof I have caused these  
letters to be made patent, and the seal of  
the United States to be hereunto set.  
GIVEN under my hand at the city of Wash-  
ington, the third day of April, in the  
year of our Lord one thousand eight-  
hundred and ten, and of the Independence  
of the United States of America the  
thirty-fourth.

JAMES MADISON.

By the President,  
R. SMITH, Secretary of State.

ORDERED, That the foregoing be pub-  
lished twice in each week, for the space of three  
weeks, successively, in the Maryland Gazette  
and Maryland Republican at Annapolis, the  
Whig and Federal Gazette at Baltimore, and  
the Star at Easton.

By order,  
NINIAN PINKNEY.

## The Subscriber,

HAVING received from David Hanson, an  
assignment of his books, previous to his  
partnership with Thomas Karney, and at the  
same time, having also received of Hanson &  
Karney, an assignment of their books, be-  
by notices all persons indebted as above, to  
make payment to him immediately, as ad-  
vance cannot be given.

BARNEY CURRAN.

N. B. Should those indebted neglect this  
call, the books will be put in the hands of a  
proper person to enforce payment. B. C.  
Annapolis, May 9, 1810. 4

## Pottery.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their  
friends, and the public in general, that  
they have now on hands at their manufactory  
about 200 yards over Gay-street, or Grigg's  
bridge, a large and general assortment of  
EARTHEN WARE, of the first quality,  
highly glazed, and nicely polished, among  
which are, 400 dozen milk pans, also Mould  
ware, & square dishes, nice for baking in, all of  
which will be sold at the established prices.  
Any orders left with either of the Messrs.  
BARBERS, Annapolis, or N. S. JONES, No.  
12, Bowley's wharf, will be thankfully re-  
ceived and carefully attended to.

JOHN KECHLINE, & Co.

Baltimore, April 19, 1810. 8w.

## Notice.

DOCTOR SHAAFF is constrained to  
make a serious call on all those long  
indebted to him for payment of their ac-  
counts, which are placed in the hands of  
Mr. Robert Welch, of Ben, for collection,  
with authority, in cases where it may be ne-  
cessary, to enforce payment.  
Annapolis, February 20, 1810. 14

JUST PUBLISHED,  
AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE  
AN APPENDIX  
TO A  
RELIGIOUS COLLOQUY.

ANNAPOLIS:

PRINTED BY

FREDERICK & SAMUEL GREEN

Price—Two Dollars per Annum.